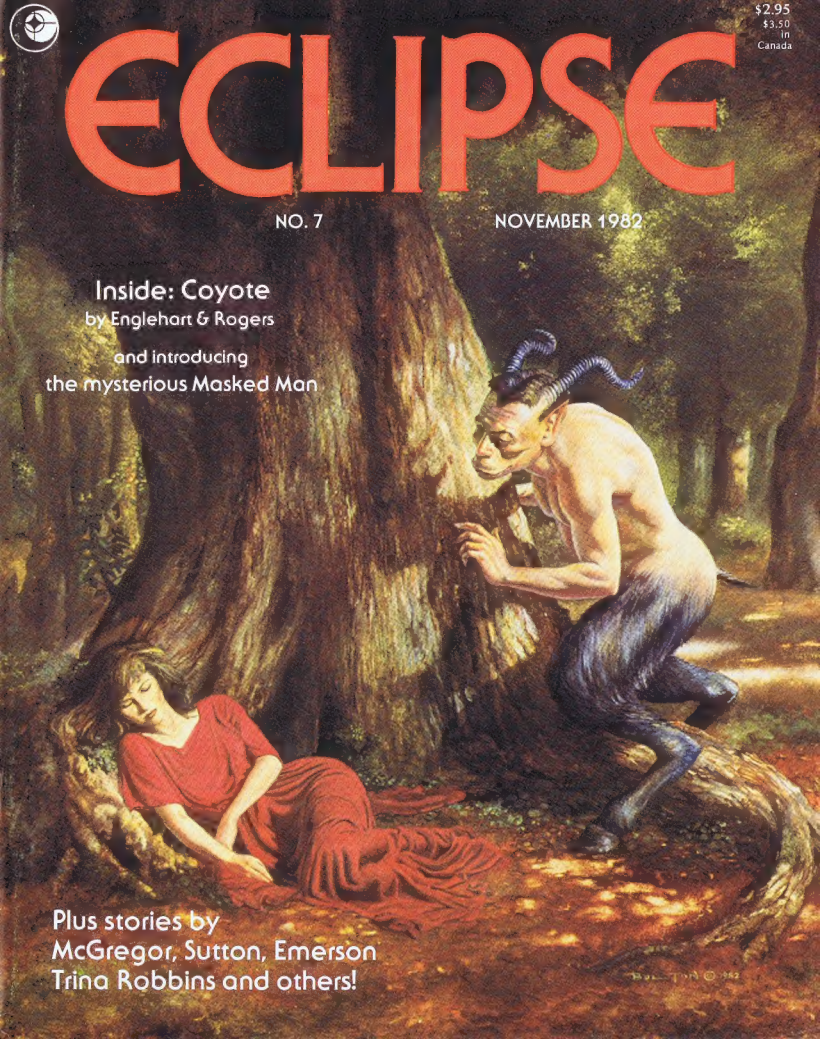
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EDITORIAL

I'm sure you're wondering why we're a little late with this issue. And I bet you want a good explanation, too, huh?

Would you believe that Marshall Rogers, the scion of Gotham, spent twice as much time pencilling the first issue of *Scorpio Rose* as we and he originally anticipated, and that we had to extend his deadline on *Coyote* to offset that extra time? Well, you'd better, because that's what happened. Marshall knocked himself out with *Scorpio Rose*, which will be on sale soon. Meanwhile, *Coyote* will conclude in our next issue of *Eclipse*.

The delay caused more than a minor shift in this issue's contents, making room for some stories which were slated for future issues.

In planning the contents for this issue – our first without Ms. Tree, who has received her own bi-monthly color comic book – I wanted an equally involving detective series, featuring a non-costumed lead. While *The Masked Man* has a tinge of superhero to it, it's solid stuff that I think you'll enjoy. It's written and drawn by a newcomer to comics, B. C. Boyer, whom I first met at this year's San Diego Comic Con. I was so impressed with his talents that *The Masked Man* will now be a continuing feature. You'll be able to see more of B. C.'s work beginning in *Sabre* no. 4, when we premiere his non-superpowered team group, *The Incredible Seven*. Check out B. C.'s work carefully – I think you'll agree that he's one of the bright new talents in comics.

Another of this issue's contributors came to me in a strange manner. A couple of years ago, when Craig Russell was teaching a course on comics at Kent State University, he sent me xeroxes of a two-page strip by one of his students. It was delightful, but by the time I got back to Craig, the semester was over and he no longer had the student's name or address. I held on to those xeroxes in the vain hope that their creator would miraculously appear. Four months ago, in the midst of a conversation with Harvey Pekar, of *American Splendor* fame, he said in his inimitable style, "Have I got an artist for you. This guy – his name's Kevin Brown – he's done this strip called 'An Auto-Biography'." Kevin Brown, who as you'll see in this issue, was the mystery artist from Craig Russell's class.

Another Ohio resident makes a first appearance this time around, although a native of Ohio he certainly isn't. Sean Carroll hails from Ireland and has a great fondness for the jokes of the old country, as you'll see.

Hunt Emerson reappears with a story about the British Navy's idea to build an underground lighthouse in Hyde Park so the Germans won't find it. Real practical, I'd say.

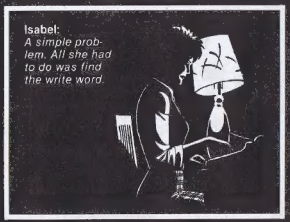
As for the rest of the issue, I found a few unknowns to round out the contents. One of them is Don McGregor, another's Tom Sutton, and there's someone named Trina Robbins, and two other guys, damned if I can remember where I met them, named Steve Englehart and Marshall Rogers. Give these kids a chance and read their stuff. They're trying to break into the business.

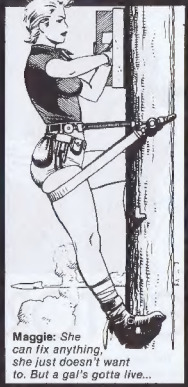
See you next time around, folks, when we present (finally!) the conclusion to *I Am Coyote*.

Dean Mullaney

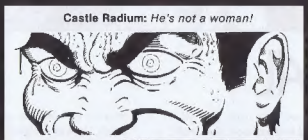
Bring On The WOMEN!

Penny: *Offered, literally, anything in the world, she asked for the one thing he couldn't give her.*





Maggie: *She can fix anything, she just doesn't want to. But a gal's gotta live...*



Luba: *Visions of empire danced in her head—to be fulfilled at any cost!*

Leonore: *Her head was filled with dreams—of impending disaster!*

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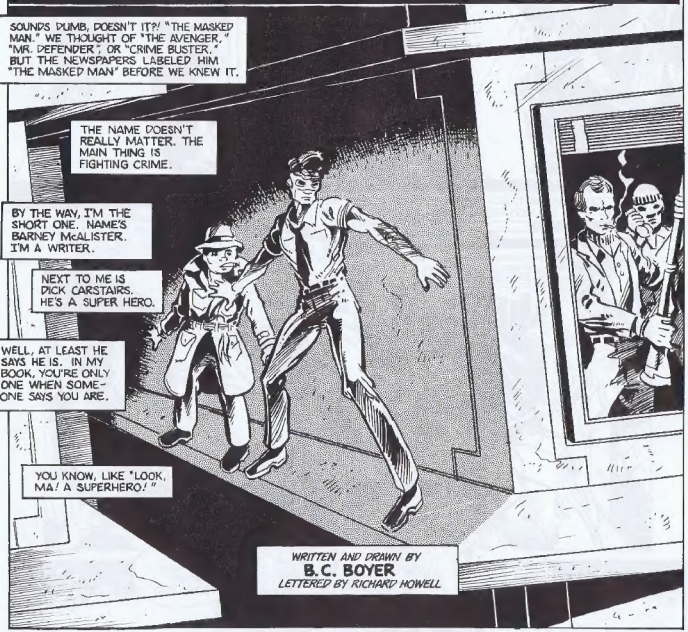
FROM THE WRITINGS OF BARNEY McALISTER... THE

MASKED MAN


SOUNDS DUMB, DOESN'T IT?/ "THE MASKED MAN," WE THOUGHT OF "THE AVENGER," "MR. DEFENDER", OR "CRIME BUSTER." BUT THE NEWSPAPERS LABELED HIM "THE MASKED MAN" BEFORE WE KNEW IT.
THE NAME DOESN'T REALLY MATTER. THE MAIN THING IS FIGHTING CRIME.
BY THE WAY, I'M THE SHORT ONE. NAME'S BARNEY McALISTER. I'M A WRITER.
NEXT TO ME IS DICK CARSTAIRS. HE'S A SUPER HERO.
WELL, AT LEAST HE SAYS HE IS. IN MY BOOK, YOU'RE ONLY ONE WHEN SOMEONE SAYS YOU ARE.
YOU KNOW, LIKE "LOOK, MA! A SUPERHERO!"
WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY
B.C. BOYER
LETTERED BY RICHARD HOWELL

DICK! MAYBE WE SHOULD--
ULP!!
SHHH! THEY'RE TURNING THEIR BACKS!
NOW'S OUR CHANCE!
HIS ATTITUDE TOWARD LIFE HAS ALWAYS BEEN "IT'S THE GOOD GUYS AGAINST THE BAD GUYS, BARN, AND WE'VE GOT TO HELP THE GOOD GUYS!"
GET READY!
WHEN YOU'RE A KID, YOU DON'T WORRY ABOUT GREYS.
NOW!
EVER SINCE I CAN REMEMBER, DICK HAS ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A SUPERHERO.
OF COURSE, I DIDN'T WANT TO DISILLUSION HIM... BUT THE WORLD ISN'T JUST BLACK AND WHITE. THERE ARE 'GREY GUYS,' TOO.
YES, I REMEMBER BEING A KID. I REMEMBER ICE CREAM, COKE, BUGS BUNNY, AND MY BEST FRIEND, DICK CARSTAIRS.
BARNEY! SEEN THE LATEST BATMAN?
YEAH, DICK, AND I GOT A NEW RICHIE RICH, TOO!
MY DREAM WAS TO BE A FAMOUS COMIC BOOK WRITER. I FIGURED IT WOULD BE EASY WRITING STIFF-WITTED, HACK-SAWED DRIVEL.
DICK'S DREAM WAS TO BECOME A SUPERHERO. I SAID, "YOU'RE CRAZY!" HE SAID, "SINCE WHEN HAS BECOMING A SUPER-HERO TAKEN LOGICAL FORE-THOUGHT?"
HE WAS RIGHT. SUPER-HEROES ARE, IN ACTUALITY, "CRAZIES."

HOWEVER, I FEEL THROWING ONESELF INTO A NUCLEAR REACTOR IS CARRYING IT A BIT TOO FAR.
THAT'S JUST WHAT HAPPENED.
WHILE ON A SCHOOL FIELD TRIP, 'GUESS WHO' DECIDED HE COULD ATTAIN THE POWERS OF THE HULK BY GETTING A BIG DOSE OF RADIATION!?!
HE WAS TACKLED BY A BUNCH OF SECURITY GUARDS WHILE IN PURSUIT OF A DREAM.
MR. DICK CARSTAIRS!! YOU ARE HEREBY SUSPENDED FROM SCHOOL --EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY!!
THEN THERE WAS THE TIME DICK TRIED TO PRESSURE HIS MOTHER INTO CONFESSING THAT HE WAS ADOPTED.
PERHAPS THE ROCKET CAME FROM THE VICINITY OF KRYPTON? HUH? MAYBE? PERHAPS?
NO.
HOW TO OVERDRAW CHECKS
THAT HE HAD REAL PARENTS, HE SIMPLY ATTRIBUTED TO HIS OWN HARD LUCK.
THEN THERE WAS THE TIME HE FOUND A BUNCH OF SPIDERS IN THE ATTIC. HE PLAYED WITH THEM TO HIS HEART'S CONTENT, HOPING AGAINST HOPE HE WOULD BE BITTEN BY ONE.
BARNEY! GUESS WHAT? I GOT BIT!!
NOW I'LL BE AS STRONG AS SPIDER-MAN!
I'LL BE ABLE TO LEAP TALL BUILDINGS AND BEND STEEL!
I'LL BE STRONGER THAN ANYBODY!
I'LL BE UUUUUUU
HE WAS ALLERGIC TO SPIDERS.

YES, LIFE WAS FUN BACK THEN. I DON'T KNOW HOW WE SURVIVED, BUT WE DID. I GREW UP TO BECOME A JOURNALIST.
I NEVER MADE IT AS A COMIC BOOK WRITER. THEY SAID MY PRIVEL WASN'T GOOD ENOUGH.
AND DICK?..WELL, THE UNBRIDLED FREEDOM OF MUSCLE-BOUND SUPER HEROES WAS BEYOND HIS REACH...AND THE IRON-CLAD RULES OF THE POLICE ACADEMY WERE TOO RESTRICTIVE...
...SO HE BECAME A DETECTIVE.
ALTHOUGH YOU OR I WOULD BE THRILLED WITH SUCH A CAREER, DICK CARSTAIRS FILED IT UNDER 'HIGH ACHIEVEMENTS IN BOREDOM.'
SO IS IT ANY WONDER THAT, WHILE WALKING DOWN A STREET ONE DAY, HE DECIDED UPON A WHIM AND A FANCY, TO STOP A ROBBERY IN PROGRESS?
...OR THAT, UPON THAT SAME WING OF UNBRIDLED WHIM, HE GRABBED A NEARBY MASK...
...PUTTING IT ON LIKE THE HEROES IN HIS DREAMS...GOING FORTH INTO A LIFE-THREATENING SITUATION...
...WITH ADRENALIN IN HIS LIMBS AND INSANITY IN HIS SOUL?
IS IT ANY WONDER? NO. OF COURSE NOT.

MY FRIEND WAS VALIANT THAT NIGHT... SLASHING HIS ARMS ABOUT, DODGING BULLETS AND CURSES, RE-ARRANGING FACES AND LIMBS, DISLODGING GUNS AND TEETH.
SOMETHING HAPPENED TO HIM THAT I CAN'T DESCRIBE. THE UN-LEASHING OF DREAMS BUILT UP OVER THE YEARS IS HARD TO PUT INTO WORDS, BUT THE FEELING WAS THERE... RIPPING THROUGH HIS VEINS... LUSTING AFTER HIS HEART.
I SAW IT ALL.
I SAW IT IN HIS SLASHING FISTS, CURLED LIPS, FLYING HAIR, AND ... IN HIS EYES.
THE HEIGHTS OF HIS JOY COULD ONLY BE MEASURED BY THE DEPTHS OF HIS DEPRESSION.
ALL RIGHT, YOU GUYS / HOLD IT RIGHT THERE.
YOU WITH THE MASK... COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP!
FOR OUTSIDE THE STORE AWAITED THE POLICE, UN-DERSTANDING LITTLE, SURMISING MUCH.
DO YOU SEE THEM ANY-WHERE?
THE NEXT DAY THE PAPERS LABELED HIM "THE MASKED MAN. HE STEALS FROM THE RICH AND KEEPS IT FOR HIMSELF."
I LABELED HIM A HERO ... FIGHTING CRIME AND INJUSTICE WITH HIS BARE HANDS...
MY ARTICLE WAS REJECTED.
IT WASN'T SENSATIONAL ENOUGH.
IT WAS A GOOD THING HE GOT AWAY. EVEN BETTER THAT HE WORE A MASK... THE MEDIA RIDICULED HIM ENDLESSLY.

SO HE WAS BACK TO BEING PLAIN OLD DICK CARSTAIRS, DETECTIVE. RECOVERING LOST ALIMONY AND SPYING ON CHEATING HUSBANDS.
BORING.
SINCE THE PUBLIC WOULDN'T HEAR OF HIS SUPERHERO-HOOD...
...HE THREW IT ALL AWAY.
AND IN THAT MOMENT I REALIZED IT WAS MY DREAM TO WATCH DICK FULFILL HIS...
FATE WORKS FAST. THAT EVENING, WE CAME UPON A CRIME ALREADY IN PROGRESS.
HOW MANY HOSTAGES DO THEY HAVE UP THERE, ON THE THIRD FLOOR?
SEVEN.
THEY SAY THEY'VE GOT EXPLOSIVES. THEY'RE GONNA BLOW UP THE BUILDING!
GOSH, BARNEY, THOSE PEOPLE UP THERE ARE HELPLESS!
I KNOW!
WHAT CAN WE DO?

HEY!
WHAT TH'?!!
STOP THAT MAN!!
EXCUSE ME, SIR.
I'M WITH THE PRESS. I'M COVERING THIS REMARKABLE PHENOMENON!
DICK! MAYBE WE SHOULD-- ULP!
SHH! THEY'RE TURNING THEIR BACKS!
NOW'S OUR CHANCE!
GET READY!
NOW!
HE WAS AWESOME.
SPECTACULAR.
WHO IS THIS GUY?
I HEARD ABOUT HIM. HE'S THE MASKED MAN!
BAM!
POW
DIDN'T THE PAPERS SAY HE WAS ON OUR SIDE?
IT WAS THEN I REALIZED YOU DON'T HAVE TO HAVE POWERS BEYOND THOSE OF MORTAL MEN TO BE A SUPERHERO...
COME ON, YOU IDIOTS! HE'S ONLY ONE...
AGK!
ALL YOU NEED IS A DREAM AND THE DETERMINATION TO FULFILL IT.

BARNEY! GET THOSE HOSTAGES OUT OF HERE!!
FORGET IT!!
I AIN'T GONNA LET SHORTY TAKE THEM ANYWHERE!
C'MON, YOU GUYS!
KEEP MOVING!!
ENOUGH OF THIS!
I'M GONNA BLOW THIS PLACE SKY HIGH!!
NO!
CLICK!
SERGEANT, I THINK SOMETHING IS GOING ON UP THERE.
BOOOM

GET THOSE FIRE TRUCKS IN HERE FAST!!
BARN! ARE THEY ALL RIGHT?
BARELY.
WE'VE GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE...
OH, NO!
THE BUILDING'S COLLAPSING!!
HEAD FOR THE WINDOW AND PRAY THERE'S SOMEONE OUT THERE TO HELP US!
BY THAT TIME THE FIREMEN HAD SHOWN UP, CLAMORING TO DO THEIR JOB OF SAVING LIVES, BUT THERE WAS SOMEONE ELSE WHO WASN'T ON THE CITY PAYROLL... SOMEONE GOING BEYOND THE DUTIES OF A NORMAL CITIZEN... RISKING HIS LIFE FOR OTHERS.
ISN'T THAT THE MASKED MAN?
YEAH.
DIDN'T THE PAPERS SAY HE'S A BAD GUY?
YEAH.
SO WHY IS HE SAVING THOSE PEOPLE?
I DUNNO.
"WELL, HE BETTER HURRY -- BECAUSE THE BUILDING'S ABOUT TO GO UNDER."
EVERYONE ELSE HAS GONE, BARN!
NOW YOU GO WITH THIS LITTLE GIRL.
BUT...
DO AS I SAY!
ALL I HEARD THEN WAS THE CRACKLING FIRE, FALLING TIMBER, AND CRASHING WALLS.

AS THE BUILDING BURNED, ALL I COULD THINK ABOUT WAS SHARING MY CHILDHOOD, MY COMICS, MY TEARS AND LAUGHTER WITH THE MAN UNDERNEATH ALL THE RUBBLE.
OFFICER! CAN'T YOU GO IN THERE... AND HELP HIM? THE MASKED MAN SAVED US ALL!!
WE'LL TRY, MA'AM, BUT I DOUBT ANYONE COULD'VE SURVIVED ALL THAT!
YOU MUST GO IN THERE! YOU'VE GOT TO--
I'VE WITNESSED A LOT OF MOVING THINGS IN MY LIFE, BUT NOTHING COMES CLOSE TO ACTUALLY SEEING...
--BECAUSE HE'S A HERO!
..THE FULFILLMENT OF A DREAM.
BARN...
EH?
DICK!!
AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!!
Y-YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME...
SURE THING, DICK.
...CAN BARELY STAND.
YES, YOU DON'T NEED POWERS BEYOND THOSE OF MORTAL MEN TO BE A SUPERHERO...
UUUUNNH!!
...BUT IT SURE HELPS.

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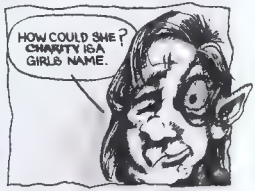
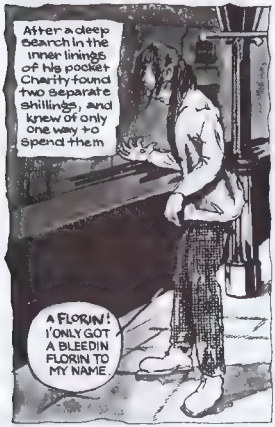
the FATE of CHARITY HOPE

ART + STORY by Sean Carroll

This story begins in the heart of Dublin – in the heart of a poor unfortunate o'gre named **Charity Hope**
One of the many who inhabited the earth through the failure of the Rhythm Method.

His Father (an American comedian) had suggested the name to his itinerant mistress, and she (being uneducated in sparkling wit) had her son christened before deserting him on the steps of Saint Patrick's

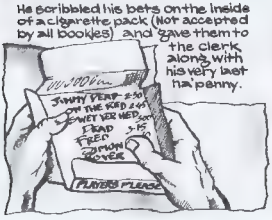


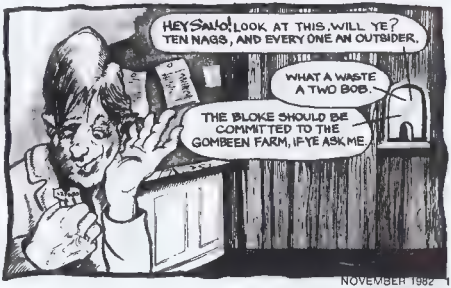

After a deep search in the inner linings of his pocket Charity found two separate shillings, and knew of only one way to spend them
A FLORIN! I'ONLY GOT A BLEEDIN FLORIN TO MY NAME.

He rushed to the nearest bookie.

GOOD! TERRY'S STILL OPEN.
TERRY ROBERTS TURF ACCOUNTANT
I SAY – WHA– WHY YOU YOUNG BOWSY!
C'MON MISTER, OUTTA-ME-WAY AFORE I HAVTA CLOBBER YE.

He scribbled his bets on the inside of a cigarette pack (Not accepted by all bookies) and gave them to the clerk, along with his very last ha'penny.




HEY SALLY! LOOK AT THIS. WILL YE? TEN NAGS, AND EVERY ONE AN OUTSIDER.
WHAT A WASTE A TWO BOB.
THE BLOKE SHOULD BE COMMITTED TO THE GOMBEEN FARM, IF YE ASK ME.

Returning to his hovel off Poolbeg Street there was nothing to do but wait ... and wait.
UNTIL
KNOK! NOK.
TAP TAP
HEY MAC! YER HORSES CAME UP, AND LISTEN, I DON'T KNOW HOW YE DONE IT, BUT I DON'T WANT TO SEE YE NEAR MY SHOP AGIN OK!
HERE'S YER TWO GRAND AN I HOPE YE FALL DOWN THE STEPS ON YER WAY TO THE BANK... AN' I HOPE YE DIE TOO.
Charity trembled as he felt the crisp banknotes in his hand.
He heard yet another knock on the door.
KNOK NOK
LISSEN-I FORGOT TO GIVE YE YER ORIGINAL TWO BOB BACK. I WASN'T TRYING TO STEAL IT HONEST.
TWO THOUSAND KNICKER AN' TWO BOB. TWO BOB AN' TWO THOUSAND IN RICH-RICH!
HOLD ON THERE A MINIT CHARITY OL' SON THIS CAN GET YE THE ONE THING YE'VE ALWAYS WANTED IN LIFE...
WELL LET ME TOT THIS SUM UP-EYES-NOSE -EARS-TEETH TUM-TEE-TUM CARRY THE TWO HMM-YES THAT SEEMS TO COME TO TWO GRAND EVEN.
Almost immediately in the doc's office
TWO GRAND! LET ME SEE. ONE- TWO. I HAVE TWO DOC WHEN CAN YE START HUH? CAN YE START NOW- HUH? CAN YE HUH!

Two months and two days later it was a new Charity who walked down Grafton Street. He stopped beside his reflection in an opticians window.
SUNGLASSES TWO SHILLINS I HAVE TWO SHILLINS.
THEY'D LOOK SMASHIN ON ME.
Charity was noticed by all the ladies on that beautiful day.
With only one exception
LOOK OUT EEEEEK!
SKREECH!
The ogre was to be given his first kiss as he lay on the concrete ...The kiss of life.
But it was too late, for death had already taken him.

As he wandered through the mist of eternity his heart bled with sorrow at the thought of his past wasted life.

Charity had left that wasted life to find himself alone in a new world with only one star to follow.

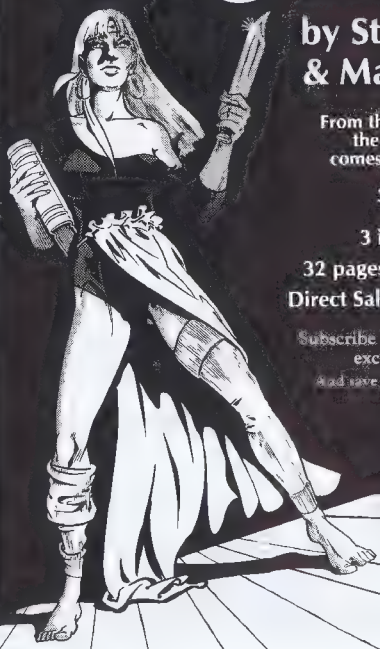
A small structure in the distance came slowly toward him.

The door opened on his arrival.

Thirteen men sat at a large table waiting for the next hand. Charity approached un-noticed and stood at the right hand of a familiar looking stranger.

BOO-HOO-LP-LISTEN GOD, I'VE TRUDGED THROUGH ME WHOLE LIFE WITHOUT A PENNY IN ME POCKET. YE GAVE ME A FACE THAT WOULD FRIGHTEN THE KNICKERS OFF A BANSHEE - AND THEN WHEN LIFE WAS JUST BEGINNIN TO LOOK GOOD, YE HAD ME SQUASHED LIKE A MAGGOT. HAVE YE NOT GOT ANY HEART IN YE AT ALL-AT ALLL.

Scorpio Rose



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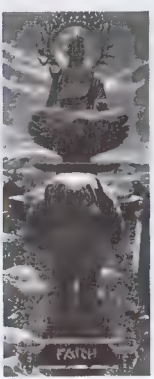

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SAX ROHMER'S DOPE

ADAPTED AND ILLUSTRATED by TRINA ROBBINS

RITA DRESDEN MARRIED MONTE IRVIN IN THE SPRING AND BADE FAREWELL TO THE STAGE. THE GOAL LONG HELD IN VIEW WAS ATTAINED AT LAST, BUT ANOTHER FAREWELL WHICH AT ONE TIME SHE HAD CONTEMPLATED EAGERLY NO LONGER APPEARED DESIRABLE OR EVEN POSSIBLE. TO COCOMANIA HAD BEEN ADDED A TOLERANCE FOR OPIUM.

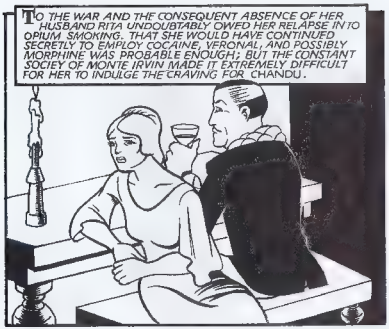
CHAPTER SIX
To the Brink

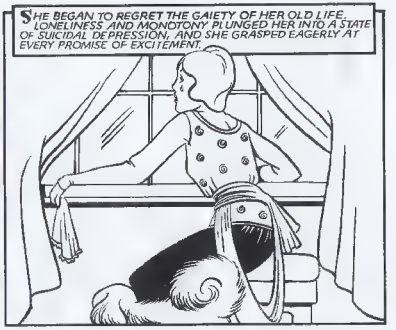
SHE HAD BECOME A PROMINENT MEMBER OF A COTERIE CLOSELY KNIT AND ASSOCIATED BY A BOND OF MUTUAL VICE -- A KIND OF MASONRY WHEREOF KAZMAH OF BOND STREET WAS GRAND MASTER AND Mrs. SIN GRAND MISTRESS.

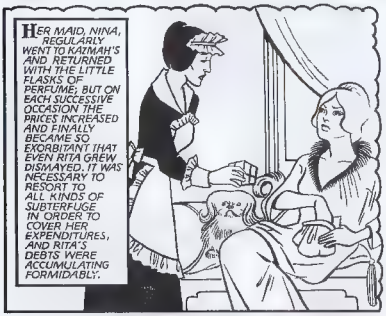
THE RELATIONS BETWEEN KAZMAH AND HIS CLIENTS WERE OF A MOST PECULIAR NATURE. HAVING SEEN HIM ONCE, IN HIS ORACULAR CAVE, RITA HAD BEEN ACCEPTED AS ONE OF THE INITIATED. THEREAFTER SHE HAD NO OCCASION TO INTERVIEW THE STRANGE EGYPTIAN, NOR HAD SHE ANY DESIRE TO DO SO.

THE METHOD OF OBTAINING DRUGS WAS SIMPLE. SHE HAD MERELY TO PRESENT HERSELF AT THE ESTABLISHMENT IN BOND STREET AND PURCHASE FROM RASHID, THE ATTENDANT, A FLASK OF PERFUME. THERE WERE SEVERAL VARIETIES OF PERFUME, AND EACH CORRESPONDED TO A PARTICULAR DRUG. THAT THE PRICES CHARGED WERE EXCESSIVE -- NAY, RIDICULOUS -- DID NOT CONCERN RITA, FOR IN COMMON WITH THE REST OF HER KIND, SHE WAS CARELESS OF EXPENDITURE.

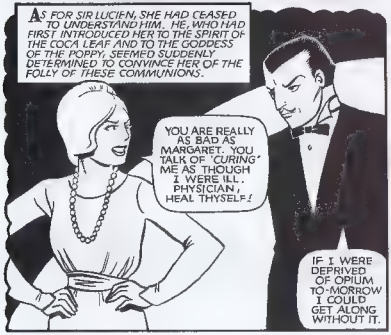
CHANDU, ALONE, KAZMAH DID NOT SELL. THOSE WHO SOUGHT THE SOLACE OF THE PIPE WERE COMPELLED TO DEAL WITH Mrs. SIN. SHE WOULD ARRANGE CHANDU PARTIES, OR WOULD PREPARE THE "HUNDRED RAPTURES" IN LIMEHOUSE FOR VISITORS, BUT SHE WOULD RARELY BE INDUCED TO PART WITH THE PRECIOUS GUM. THUS SHE CLEVERLY KEPT A FIRM HAND UPON THE DEVOTEES OF THE POPPY.

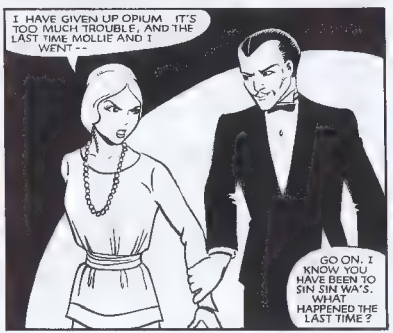

TO THE WAR AND THE CONSEQUENT ABSENCE OF HER HUSBAND RITA UNDOUBTABLY OWED HER RELAPSE IN TO OPIUM SMOKING. THAT SHE WOULD HAVE CONTINUED SECRETLY TO EMPLOY COCAINE, VERONAL, AND POSSIBLY MORPHINE WAS PROBABLE ENOUGH; BUT THE CONSTANT SOCIETY OF MONTE IRVIN MADE IT EXTREMELY DIFFICULT FOR HER TO INDULGE THE CRAVING FOR CHANDU.


SHE BEGAN TO REGRET THE GAIETY OF HER OLD LIFE. LONELINESS AND MONOTONY PLUNGED HER INTO A STATE OF SUICIDAL DEPRESSION, AND SHE GRASPED EAGERLY AT EVERY PROMISE OF EXCITEMENT.


HER MAID, NINA, REGULARLY WENT TO KAZMAH'S AND RETURNED WITH THE LITTLE FLASKS OF PERFUME; BUT ON EACH SUCCESSIVE OCCASION THE PRICES INCREASED AND FINALLY BECAME SO EXORBITANT THAT EVEN RITA GREW DISMAYED. IT WAS NECESSARY TO RESORT TO ALL KINDS OF SUBTERFUGE IN ORDER TO COVER HER EXPENDITURES, AND RITA'S DEBTS WERE ACCUMULATING FORMIDABLY.

IT WAS AROUND THIS TIME THAT I MET RITA IRVIN, AND BETWEEN US A CLOSE FRIENDSHIP AROSE. 'ERE LONG I DISCOVERED RITA'S SECRET, OF COURSE.

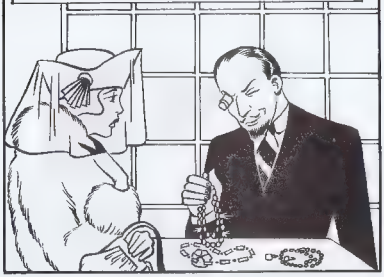

AS FOR SIR LUCIEN, SHE HAD CEASED TO UNDERSTAND HIM. HE, WHO HAD FIRST INTRODUCED HER TO THE SPIRIT OF THE COCA LEAF AND TO THE GODDESS OF THE POPPY, SEEMED SUDDENLY DETERMINED TO CONVINCE HER OF THE FOLLY OF THESE COMMUNIONS.
YOU ARE REALLY AS BAD AS MARGARET. YOU TALK OF 'CURING' ME AS THOUGH I WERE ILL. PHYSICIAN, HEAL THYSELF!
IF I WERE DEPRIVED OF OPIUM TO-MORROW I COULD GET ALONG WITHOUT IT.


I HAVE GIVEN UP OPIUM IT'S TOO MUCH TROUBLE, AND THE LAST TIME MOLLIE AND I WENT --
GO ON. I KNOW YOU HAVE BEEN TO SIN SIN WA'S. WHAT HAPPENED THE LAST TIME?

WELL, MONTE SEEMED TO BE VAGUELY SUSPICIOUS. BESIDES, Mrs SIN CHARGED ME MOST PREPOSTEROUSLY. I REALLY CANNOT AFFORD IT, LUCY.
I AM GLAD YOU CANNOT. SUPPOSE YOU WERE TO BE DEPRIVED, NOT OF CHANDU, BUT OF COCAINE AND VERONAL. WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO YOU?
YOU KNOW SOMETHING WHICH YOU ARE KEEPING FROM ME.
I KNOW THAT I AM COMPELLED TO LEAVE ENGLAND, RITA, FOR A TIME;
AND I SHOULD BE A HAPPIER MAN IF I KNEW THAT YOU WERE NOT SO UTTERLY DEPENDENT UPON KAZMAH.
I *WILL* TRY, LUCY. I WILL GO TO MARGARET HALLEY, AS SHE IS ALWAYS ASKING ME TO DO.
GOOD GIRL. YOU WILL SUCCEED, WITH MARGARET'S HELP.
RITA'S MIND WAS NOT SUBTLE ENOUGH TO GRASP THE REAL EXPLANATION OF THIS CHANGE IN HER OLD LOVER. SHE BELIEVED SIR LUCIEN WAS JEALOUS OF MY COUSIN, QUENTIN GRAY.
GRAY MET RITA AT MY FLAT SHORTLY AFTER HE RETURNED HOME FROM SERVICE IN THE EAST, AND HE IMMEDIATELY CONCEIVED A VIOLENT INFATUATION FOR HER.
BOTH GRAY AND SIR LUCIEN HAD BECOME FREQUENT VISITORS AT RITA'S DRAWING-ROOM, AND IRVIN, WHO UNDERSTOOD HIS WIFE'S CHARACTER UP TO A POINT, MADE THEM HIS FRIENDS

LESS THAN A MONTH AFTER PYNE'S DEPARTURE RITA WAS IN A STATE OF DESPERATION. KAZMAH'S PRICES HAD SOARED ABOVE ANYTHING HE HAD HITHERTO EXTORTED. HER BANK ACCOUNT WAS GREATLY OVERDRAWN, AND CREDITORS WERE BEGINNING TO PRESS FOR PAYMENT.

SHE PAWNED AS MUCH OF HER JEWELRY AS SHE COULD SAFELY DISPOSE OF, AND TEMPORARILY SILENCED THE MORE THREATENING TRADESPEOPLE; BUT KAZMAH DECLINED TO GIVE CREDIT.



WHEN RITA CALLED AT OLD BOND STREET, RASHID PROPOSED ONE OF THE FEW COMPROMISES WHICH THE FRENZIED WOMAN FOUND HERSELF UNWILLING TO ACCEPT.

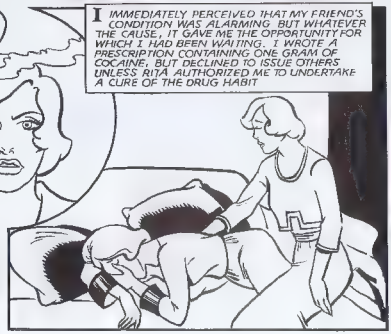
THE SHEIK-EL-KAZMAH SAY, MY LADY, YOUR FRIEND Mr. GRAY NEVER COME TO HIM. IF YOU BRING HIM IT WILL BE ALL RIGHT.
MY GOD! I HAVE NOT COME TO THAT YET!

THE DEGRADATION WHICH AWAITS THE DRUG SLAVE HAD NEVER BEEN MORE SUCCINCTLY EXPOUNDED TO HER SHE TURNED AWAY, TREMBLING, AND LEFT THE PLACE.

SHE WAS AT THIS TIME BORDERING UPON A STATE OF COLLAPSE. INSOMNIA, WHICH LATELY HAD DEFIED DANGEROUSLY INCREASED DOSES OF VERONAL, WAS TELLING UPON NERVE AND BRAIN.

I WAS HER LAST HOPE AND TO ME SHE HASTENED ON THE DAY BEFORE THE TRAGEDY.

I IMMEDIATELY PERCEIVED THAT MY FRIEND'S CONDITION WAS ALARMING. BUT WHATEVER THE CAUSE, IT GAVE ME THE OPPORTUNITY FOR WHICH I HAD BEEN WAITING. I WROTE A PRESCRIPTION CONTAINING ONE GRAM OF COCAINE, BUT DECLINED TO ISSUE OTHERS UNLESS RITA AUTHORIZED ME TO UNDERTAKE A CURE OF THE DRUG HABIT.



A PAIN RACKED, SLEEPLESS NIGHT FOUND KAZMAH'S UNHAPPY VICTIM IN THE MOOD FOR ANY MEASURE, HOWEVER DESPERATE, WHICH SHOULD PROMISE RELIEF. AT ABOUT 11 O'CLOCK RITA RANG UP KAZMAH'S, ONLY TO BE INFORMED BY RASHID:

THIS EVENING HE TELL ME THAT HE SEE YOUR FRIEND IF HE COME, MY LADY

AS IF THE FATES SOUGHT TO TEST HER ENDURANCE TO THE UTMOST, QUENTIN GRAY CALLED SHORTLY AFTERWARDS AND INVITED HER TO DINE WITH HIM AND GO TO THE THEATRE THAT EVENING. FOR FIVE AGE-LONG SECONDS RITA HESITATED

AFTER ALL, QUENTIN IS A MAN. EVEN IF I TOOK HIM TO KAZMAH'S AND HE WAS IN SOME WAY INDUCED TO TRY OPIUM, OR EVEN COCAINE, HE WOULD PROBABLY NEVER BECOME ADDICTED TO DRUG-TAKING. BUT I SHOULD HAVE DONE MY PART...

VERY WELL, QUENTIN. WILL YOU CALL FOR ME?

BUT WHEN HE HAD GONE RITA SAT FOR MORE THAN HALF AN HOUR, QUITE STILL, HER HANDS CLENCHED AND HER FACE A TRAGIC MASK.

AS A FINAL RESORT SHE DETERMINED TO GO BACK TO MY OFFICES. SHE HURRIED TO DOVER STREET, AND HER LAST HOPE WAS SHATTERED. I WAS OUT, AND JANET HAD NO IDEA WHEN I WAS LIKELY TO RETURN.

RITA HAD MUCH ADO TO PREVENT HERSELF FROM BURSTING INTO TEARS. SHE SCRIBBLED A FEW LINES, WITHOUT QUITE KNOWING WHAT SHE WAS WRITING, SEALED THE PAPER IN AN ENVELOPE, AND LEFT IT ON MY TABLE. THIS IS HOW I KNOW WHAT HAPPENED UP TO THAT POINT.

I WAS ALSO INFORMED BY RITA'S MAID NINA THAT SHE DELIVERED A MESSAGE TO HER MISTRESS UPON HER RETURN

SIR LUCIEN PYNE HAS RUNG UP, MADAME, AND WISHES TO SPEAK TO YOU.

SHE RAN OUT TO THE TELEPHONE. SIR LUCIEN HAD COME BACK, WAS IN HIS FLAT AT ALBEMARLE STREET, AND RITA, WASTING NO TIME IN EXPLANATIONS, BEGGED HIM TO AWAIT HER THERE.

QUENTIN GRAY SHE HAD QUITE FORGOTTEN, UNTIL, AS SHE WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE
IS THERE ANY MESSAGE FOR Mr. GRAY, MADAM?
OH! OF COURSE! QUICK! GIVE ME SOME PAPER AND A PENCIL!
SHE WROTE A HASTY NOTE, MERELY ASKING GRAY TO PROCEED TO THE RESTAURANT, WHERE SHE PROMISED TO JOIN HIM. LEFT IT IN CHARGE OF THE MAID, AND HURRIED OFF TO ALBEMARLE STREET.
WHAT HAPPENED THERE WE CAN ONLY SURMISE
OH, LUCY-LUCY! I AM DESPERATE - DESPERATE!
TELL ME.
AND IN A TORRENT OF BARELY COHERENT LANGUAGE, THE TORTURED WOMAN TOLD HIM OF KAZMAH'S ATTEMPT TO FORCE HER TO LURE QUENTIN GRAY INTO THE DRUG COTERIE
KAZMAH DARE NOT REFUSE YOU! RING HIM UP AND INSIST UPON HIM SEEING ME TONIGHT!
I WILL SEE HIM, RITA.
YOU SHALL NOT! I AM GOING TO SPEAK TO THAT MAN FACE TO FACE, AND IF HE IS HUMAN HE MUST LISTEN TO ME. IF I AM TO SUFFER, HE SHALL NOT ESCAPE! EITHER HE LISTENS TO ME TO-NIGHT OR I GO STRAIGHT TO THE POLICE!
BE CALM, LITTLE GIRL.
RING HIM UP, LUCY. HE IS THERE. NOW THAT I HAVE SOMEONE BEHIND ME, I SEE MY WAY AT LAST!
VERY WELL, DEAR, I WILL DO AS YOU WISH.
PRESENTLY, THEY PROCEEDED TOWARDS THE APPOINTMENT WHICH SIR LUCIEN HAD MADE - RITA, IGNORANT OF WHAT FATE HELD IN STORE FOR HER - AND SIR LUCIEN, ALSO HUMANLY BLIND, WALKED ON TO MEET HIS DEATH.

A SUIVRE...

THE TWIN IN THE DOOR WAY

BY DON McGREGOR and TOM SUTTON

DEDICATION: THIS IS FOR ED VIA, ONE OF THE GOOD ONES WHO, IF THERE IS ANY JUSTICE IN THE WORLD, WILL FIND HIS TRUE JULIET.

AFTER THE WAY IT ALL ENDED, THE JECKYLL AND HYDE COMPARISON WASN'T A BAD ONE.
I SHOULDN'T LET YOU TALK ME INTO THIS, ARTIE. I MEAN, WHAT AM I GONNA SAY TO HER?
C'MON, CRAIG, Y'GONNA TAKE ALL NIGHT JUST DIALIN' HER NUMBER?

I'LL ALWAYS SEE HER STANDING TIMELESSLY IN THE DOORWAY. HER NAME WAS TERRY, AND SHE WAS THE VERY BREATH OF LIFE TO ME WHEN I WAS ABOUT FIFTEEN. DON'T ASK WHY ME SHE WAS, I COULDN'T HAVE TOLD YOU.

I GUESS IT WAS 1962, MAYBE 1963 WHEN I FIRST SAW HER. THIS WAS IN THE YEARS BEFORE MIDDLE AMERICA KNEW MUCH ABOUT VIETNAM AND STILL USED BRYLCREEM HAIR CREAM ("A LITTLE DAB'LL DO YA!") TO LURE WOMEN TO ILLICIT RENDEVOUS.

TERRY WAS MY CIRCE OF THE HIGH SCHOOL CORRIDORS. SHE WAS THE MOST CAPTIVATING CLEOPATRA OF THE HOME ROOM SET.

SHE WAS THE JULIET OF MY LONELY, LIMITED BEDROOM FANTASIES. SHE WAS, TO STATE IT BLUNTLY, THE EMBODIMENT OF LOVE (WHICH HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH VALENTINE HEARTS AND CHUBBY HALF-NAKED CUPIDS) AND SEX (WHICH SEIZED MY BRAIN LIKE MR HYDE TAKING OVER DR. JECKYLL).

YOU'RE GONNA ASK HER TO GO TO THE THANKSGIVING DAY FOOTBALL GAME, REMEMBER?
BUT I DON'T EVEN LIKE FOOTBALL.
C'MON, DUMBO... YOU'RE NOT GOING FOR THE FOOTBALL GAME... YOU'RE GOING FOR THE GIRL!
IT'S RINGING!

GEEZ, I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH A SCAREDY CAT. WHATTYA THINK, GIRLS'LL EAT YOU UP? DON'T PANIC. I'M HERE TO COACH YOU.
HELLO?

HI? TERRY?
YEAH, HI.
UHH... HOW ARE YOU DOING?
EXCUSE ME?

OH, IT'S ME... UHHH...
CRAIG SHANNON, DUMBO!

CRAIG SHANNON!

WHAT'S THE MATTER? DID YOU FORGET YOUR NAME?
NO, NO, ...NO! HOW COULD I... FORGET A THING LIKE THAT?

GUESS WHO'S HERE WITH ME?
I HAVEN'T THE FAINTEST IDEA.
PHYLIS! YOU KNOW PHYLIS, SHE SITS RIGHT BEFORE ME IN HOMEROOM.

PHYLIS IS WITH HER.
THE ELEPHANT HERSELF. DON'T PANIC. ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS ASK TERRY TO THE GAME. TELL HER I'LL DRIVE YOU THERE.

UHHH... TERRY?... UH, LISTEN... THERE'S UH, SOMETHING I WANNA ASK YOU... SEE, THANKSGIVING'S COMING UP IN A COUPLE'VE DAYS...

HEY! YOU WANT TO SPEAK TO PHYLIS? SHE WANTS TO SAY "HI."

SHE'S GIVING THE PHONE TO PHYLIS.
MAYBE YOU OUGHTA ASK THE ELEPHANT TO GO. THEN THE PALMS OF YOUR HANDS WON'T SWEAT. 'COURSE YOU'LL GO BROKE HAVING TO BUY HER ALL THOSE PEANUTS.
GEEZ!
SHUT UP, WILL YA? SHE'LL HEAR YA!
CRAIG?
OH HI, PHYLIS. HOW ARE YOU?
FINE. WHATCHA CALLIN' TERRY UP FOR, HUH?
OH, JUST TO SAY HI AND STUFF LI...
LI
OW!
JUST HI, HUH?
GIVE ME THAT PHONE!
HE WANTS TO ASK TERRY TO THE THANKSGIVING FOOTBALL GAME, THAT'S WHAT HE WANTS TO DO.
GOD! WHATTA YA TRYIN' TO DO TO ME?
TRYING TO GET YOU SET UP BEFORE DOOMSDAY. HERE, SHE'S PUTTING TERRY BACK ON.
UHHH... HI, TERRY.
WE ALREADY SAID 'HI'.
OH, YEAH... RIGHT... WE DID!
PHYLIS SAYS YOU WANT TO ASK ME SOMETHING.
OH, YEAH, THAT... WELL... UHH... IT'S ABOUT... UHH.. SEE THURSDAY IS THANKSGIVING...
YOU DIDN'T CALL ME UP TO TELL ME THAT DID YOU?
OH, NO, NO, NO, NO!
MY FATHER'S ALREADY GOT THE TURKEY.
OH, THAT'S GOOD I LIKE TURKEY!
YOU'RE A TURKEY! ASK HER ALREADY, WILL YOU?!

UHHH... THERE'S A GAME ON THURSDAY...
EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT,
WELL, I DIDN'T, BUT ARTIE TOLD ME.
SO ANYWAY, I WAS KIND'VE WONDERING IF... WELL... IF YOU WEREN'T DOING ANYTHING... IF YOU'D... MAYBE WE COULD KINDVE MEET THERE AND ALL.
THAT'S WHAT YOU CALLED FOR?
UHHH... WELL, TO SAY HI, AND TO SEE HOW YOU WERE... AND... WELL, THAT WAS ONE'VE THE REASONS.
WAIT A SEC. I'VE GOTTA TALK TO PHYLIS.
SHE'S TALKING TO PHYLIS.
SHE'S ASKING ADVICE FROM THE ELEPHANT.
CRAIG?
UH, HI, TERRY.
YOU SURE ARE BIG ON SAYING HI.
ANYHOW, OKAY.
OKAY?
OKAY, I'LL MEET YOU THERE, IN THE BLEACHERS, OKAY?
THE BLEACHERS? YOU MEAN FOR THE FOOTBALL GAME?
OF COURSE. ISN'T THAT WHAT WE'RE TALKING ABOUT?
UHHH... YES... RIGHT...
I'VE GOTTA RUN NOW. SEE YOU, THERE.
WHAT HAPPENED? SHE SHOT YOU DOWN, RIGHT?
SHE SAID, "YES!" "YES!" "YES!"

ARTIE AND I WERE THE SAME AGE, BUT I THINK WE WERE FROM SEPARATE PLANETS. ARTIE HAD THE WORLD BY THE BALLS. HE KNEW WHAT HE WAS AFTER AND HOW TO GET IT. I HAD TO FIGHT JUST TO STAY IN THE GAME.

I HAD MY OWN CONCEPT AS TO WHAT LOOKED COOL: IT WAS 3/5 THS BRYLCREEM (WITH MORE THAN A LITTLE DAB), 1/2 TH LOAFERS (I EVEN POLISHED THEM) AND 3/5 THS CLOTHES. LOOKING COOL, HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH WEARING WINTER COATS.

THE BLEACHERS WERE A MAKE-SHIFT AFFAIR OF BOARDS RIDDLED WITH DEADLY SPLINTERS. I HAD ONCE HEARD THAT ARLENE McGUIRE HAD DONE IT UNDER THESE BLEACHERS. I HAD A VAGUE IDEA OF WHAT "IT" WAS. I FIGURED IF I HAD DONE "IT" UNDER THE BLEACHERS, THEY WOULD HAVE CRASHED ON TOP OF MY HEAD.
THE FATHERS IN THE BLEACHERS WERE SCREAMING FOR BLOOD, THE KIDS WERE SLIPPING IN THE SNOW AND MUD TRYING THEIR BEST TO ACCOMODATE THEM.
FOR THE FIRST HALF HOUR, I DID NOT FEEL COLD. I WAS TOO COOL TO BE COLD, BUT INSIDE MY ADRENALIN PUMPED CRAZILY EACH TIME I THOUGHT MY EYES WERE ABOUT TO LOOK UPON TERRY.
C'MON, CRAIG. I'M TAKING JANEY HOME AND THEN WE'RE GOING TO THIS GIRL'S HOUSE AND FIND OUT WHAT GIVES!

ARTIE WAS INDIGNANT. IT WAS KIND OF FUNNY, I MEAN, YOU WOULD THINK IT WAS ARTIE WHO'D BEEN STOOD UP, NOT ME.
YOU KNOW WHAT YOU GOTTA DO, RIGHT?
I REFUSED TO BELIEVE SHE WOULD DO SUCH A THING. I INVENTED WILD ALIBIS FOR HER WHICH I NEVER MENTIONED TO ARTIE.
YOU WALK UP TO HER DOOR, AND YOU CALL HER OUT. YOU SAY, "HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? I WAITED FOR YOU FOR TWO HOURS!"
I THINK I'VE GOT A COLD. I CAN'T BREATHE. CAN YOU BELIEVE IT'S SNOWING ON THANKSGIVING.
GEEZ, IT'S GONNA BE A ROTTEN WINTER.
THIS IS HER STREET, RIGHT?
MAYBE WE SHOULDN'T DISTURB HER, ARTIE. SHE'S PROBABLY GOT A REAL GOOD REASON FOR NOT SHOWING UP. AND IT IS THANKSGIVING.
LOOK, DUMBO... SHE MADE A FOOL OUT'VE YOU, YOU CAN'T LET HER WALK ALL OVER YOU!
SHE WOULDN'T DO A THING LIKE THAT.
THE HOUSE NUMBER'S 22, RIGHT? THIS IS IT!
GO TO IT. JUST REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU.
22

THE DOOR OPENED, AND THERE SHE STOOD, THE WARM LIGHT OF THE ROOM BEHIND HER, HER EYES DARK WITH THE SECRETS OF SEXUAL DELIGHT. HER EYES HELD PROMISES AND ANSWERS.
THE WORLD CEASED TO EXIST. THERE WAS ONLY THE DOORWAY, THE LIGHT BEYOND, AND HER EYES.
UNTIL SHE SPOKE, THE WORLD RETURNED THEN, BUT IT WAS A DIFFERENT WORLD. ONE IN WHICH I DISTRUSTED MY SENSES.
YES, CAN I HELP YOU?
TERRY? IT'S ME, CRAIG, DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE ME?
TERRY? I'M NOT TERRY.
WHAT'RE YOU SAYING, TERRY? IS THIS SOME KIND OF JOKE, OR WHAT?
I'M HER TWIN SISTER, MARGARET.
I... I DIDN'T KNOW TERRY HAD A... ARE YOU SURE?
OH, YES. WE'RE IDENTICAL TWINS. I'M THREE-AND-A-HALF MINUTES OLDER THAN TERRY.
THING IS, YOU JUST MISSED HER. SHE WENT TO THE AIRPORT WITH MY PARENTS TO PICK UP MY AUNT. YOU MIGHT MEET UP WITH HER THERE, BUT YOU BETTER HURRY.
WELL, OKAY... BYE, TER... MARGARET.

WE DROVE THROUGH THE EARLY WINTER SNOW. I KEPT TRYING TO ACCEPT A MARGARET IN THE WORLD, WHO LOOKED SO VERY LIKE THE GIRL I WAS PASSIONATELY DELIRIOUS ABOUT.
I WAS BEGINNING TO GET CONFUSED.
SHE LOOKED JUST LIKE TERRY. IT WAS WEIRD! I COULD'VE SWORN... BUT SHE SAYS TERRY'S HERE.
GARDENVILLE AIRPORT
PARKING
NO PARKING
I HOPE ALL THIS RUNNING AROUND'S WORTH IT.
YOU GO THAT WAY, I'LL CHECK THIS SIDE OUT!
AIR CAN
TWI
PAN AM
AIR IA
NOTHING, RIGHT? DIDN'T SEE HER.
NOPE.
OKAY, NOTHING LEFT BUT TO FOLLOW THIS THROUGH.
WHERE ARE WE OFF TO NOW?
AIRPORT
BACK TO HER HOUSE, WE'RE GETTIN' TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!

I WAS AFRAID TO WALK UP TO THAT DOOR. I WAS AFRAID TO SEE HER STANDING THERE AGAIN.
I WAS AFRAID I WAS ABOUT TO LEARN SOME TERRIBLE KNOWLEDGE THAT HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH BEING STOOD UP AT A FOOTBALL GAME.
UHHH... IS IT YOU, TERRY?
NO, I TOLD YOU WHO I AM. I'M MARGARET.
DID YOU GO TO THE AIRPORT LIKE I TOLD YOU?
SHE... WE DIDN'T SEE HER.
WELL, YOU MUST NOT HAVE LOOKED TOO HARD.
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA
GOD! DID HE EVER FALL FOR IT?
WHAT'S... UHM... WHAT'S THE JOKE?
HAHAHAHAHA
IT'S ON YOU... HOHA HA... I COULD HARDLY KEEP A STRAIGHT FACE. YOU REMEMBER THAT NIGHT ON THE PHONE?
YEAH, SURE. I ASKED YOU TO THE GAME, AND YOU SAID...
HAHA
EVERYTIME YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE TALKING TO ME, YOU WERE REALLY TALKING TO PHYLIS! AND VICE-VERSA!
HA HA HA
TEEHEE HEE
IT WAS PHYLIS YOU ASKED OUT TO THE GAME!
AND THEN, WHEN I TOLD YOU I WAS MY TWIN... I THOUGHT I WOULD DIE. PHYLIS KEPT SNICKERING BEHIND ME!
HAAHAHA
COME ON! YOU'VE GOTTA ADMIT. ISN'T THAT A SCREAM!?
HAHAHAHAHA
I WALKED AWAY. I DID NOT CRY.
HAHA
I FELT ONLY AN EMPTY AND BLEAK LONELINESS..
HAHAHAHAHA
... AND LIFE WAS SUDDENLY, INFINITELY MORE COMPLEX THAN I HAD EVER SUSPECTED.
ARTIE DIDN'T SAY A WORD. NOT ALL THE WAY HOME.
THE END

HUNT EMERSON
The UNDERGROUND LiGHTHOUSE
THE NORTH SEA IS DARK AND COLD!
IT IS 1942. HITLER'S NAUGHTY NAVY HAS A STRANGLEHOLD ON THE NORTH SEA, AND, TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE, BRITISH SUBMARINES KEEP GETTING....
...LOST! WE'RE LOST!
LOST...
AN EMERGENCY MEETING AT THE ADMIRALTY!
WHERE'S THE BLASTED SCOTCH?
NEVER MIND THE SCOTCH, DESMOND! THIS IS SERIOUS!
YES! TWELVE OF OUR SUBMARINES HAVE GONE MISSING THIS MORNING!
NNNYYYEEEEOOOWWW TAKA-TAKA-TAKA
TWELVE? GREAT BILGING SEA-SOFAS! WE'VE GOT TO PUT A STOP TO IT! BUT HOW?
GENTLEMEN! I BELIEVE I KNOW THE MAN TO ANSWER OUR PROBLEM! A SCIENTIFIC EXPERT...
SHIVER ME TIMBERS!
BOFFIN, EH? I NEVER TRUST THE BLIGHTERS M'SELF...
OH, COME, COME! LET'S AT LEAST GIVE THE CHAP A HEARING!

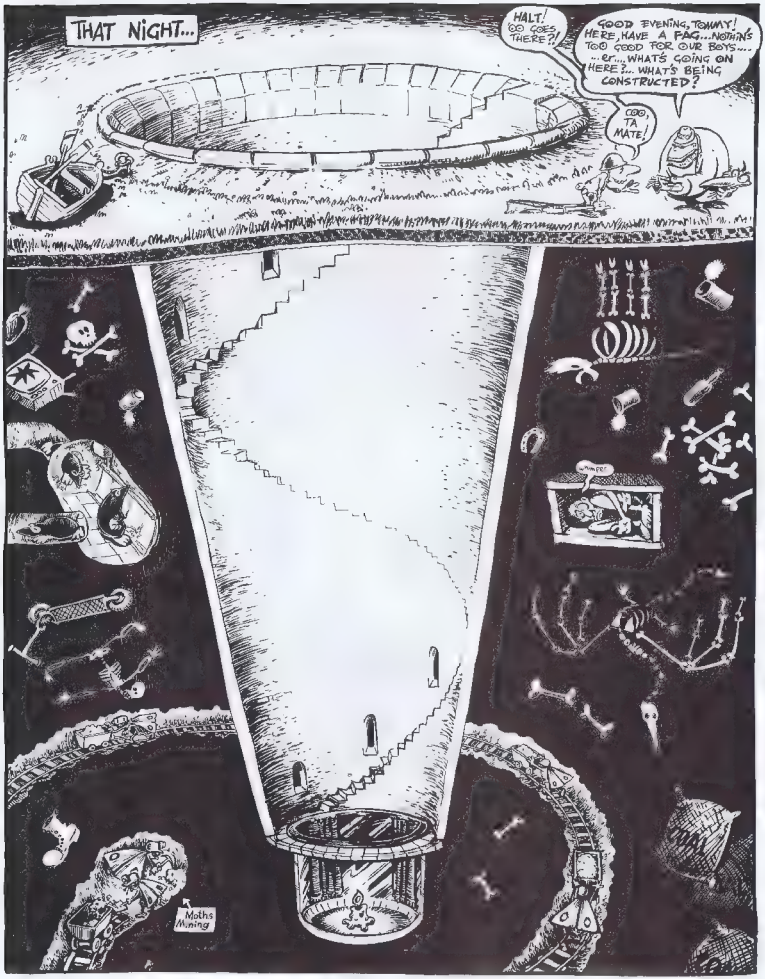
HERE HE IS NOW, GENTLEMEN... DOCTOR STUPID!
HELLO FOLKS! JAN STOYPIT HERE— DUTCH EMIGRE, MILITARY SCIENTIST and ENTERTAINER! CONCERT PARTIES A SPECIALITY.
A SONG A SMILE AND A SECRET WEAPON!
POM-TARARA!
DOCTOR STUPID, PERHAPS YOU'D CARE TO OUTLINE YOUR PLAN...
"THE NAME IS STOYPIT, ADMIRAL!" ahem YES, OF COURSE!
THE PROBLEM WE FACE, NAUTICAL BIG NOBS, IS FINDING A GUIDANCE SYSTEM FOR SUBMARINES! I ASKED MYSELF: "HOW IS THE SAME PROBLEM TACKLED ABOVE WATER?" AND THE ANSWER I GAVE MYSELF THEN GAVE ME THE ANSWER I WAS LOOKING FOR TO THE QUESTION WE ASK OURSELVES NOW.... ...THE ANSWER I NOW GIVE TO THE QUESTION YOU ASKED ME TO FIND AN ANSWER TO...
DOCTOR STUPID! PLEASE! THE WAR WILL BE OVER....
THAT'S STOYPIT! YES, OK... MY IDEA... GENTLEMEN! WHAT WE NEED IS... AN UNDERSEA LIGHTHOUSE!
CRASH
WAIT A MOMENT! A LIGHTHOUSE VISIBLE TO OUR SUBMARINES WOULD ALSO BE VISIBLE TO GERMAN U-BOATS!
NO MATTER, CHIEF PETTY ADMIRAL! WE MERELY ADAPT THE PLAN TO CONSTRUCT THE LIGHTHOUSE IN A PLACE WHERE THE U-BOATS WILL NEVER SEE IT... FOR EXAMPLE....
...HYDE PARK!
BRILLIANT, DOCTOR! THAT'S STOYPIT! ...GREAT BOOST TO THE ALLIED WAR EFFORT, DOCTOR STUPID.
GOOD SHOW!
TOP! HOLE!
STOYP'T!

AND SO, CONSTRUCTION OF THE UNDERGROUND LIGHTHOUSE COMMENCES, UNDER THE COMMAND OF DOCTOR STUPID!
STOYPID!!
EXCUSE ME DOCTOR STUPIDITY, WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH ALL THE EARTH WE DUG OUT OF THE HOLE, SIR?
STOYPID!!
WHY, BURY IT, YOU FOOL!
IT'S LANCE CORPORAL ALAN RABBIT (ALSO KNOWN AS BRIGADIER BILL THE BUNNY) IN CHARGE OF AN EARTH MOVING DETAIL.
RIGHT, GET DIGGING! WE GOTTA BURY THIS HERE PILE OF GROUND!
...LATER...
THEW! NOW WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO WITH THE EARTH WE DUG OUT THE HOLE WE BURIED THE OTHER EARTH IN.
HEHHEH. START DIGGING...
MUCH LATER...
LOOK HERE, RABBIT, THIS IS RIDICULOUS! WE CAN'T KEEP DIGGING AND BURYING LIKE THIS!
WAIT A MINUTE... I'VE GOT IT!
I REMEMBER READING HOW SOME PRISONERS OF WAR DUG A TUNNEL, AND THEY GOT RID OF THE EARTH THEY DUG OUT BY PUTTING IT INTO BAGS INSIDE THEIR TROUSER LEGS, THEN LETTING IT TRICKLE OUT WHILE THEY WALKED AROUND THE P.O.W. CAMP!
SO! ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS CONSTRUCT A P.O.W. CAMP...
YES! I'LL GET ONTO IT RIGHT AWAY!

:GASP: PUFF PUFF: PHEW.. FINISHED! PANT PANT PANT.. NOW - LET'S GET THE PILE OF EARTH INTO BAGS IN OUR TROUSERS, AND SCATTERED AROUND THE CAMP! :GASP:
PUFF PUFF PANT

LET US LEAVE THE PUZZLED PAIR WITH THEIR PROBLEM FOR NOW, BECAUSE, IN A NEARBY BUSH, DIRTY WORK IS AFOOT!

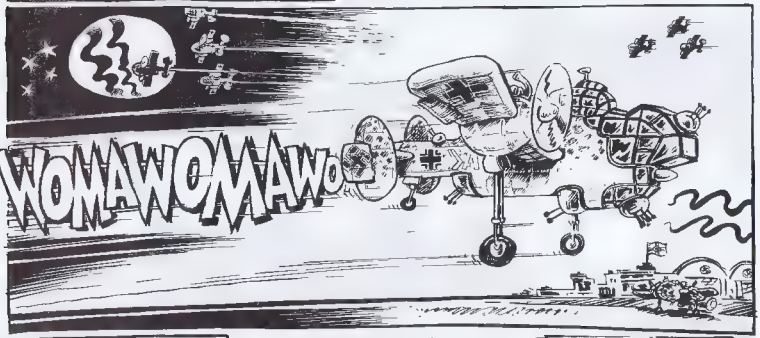
VERY INTERESTING, IS IT NOT, MR. SHARK? I'M SURE OUR NAZI MASTERS WILL BE FASCINATED TO LEARN OF THIS ACTIVITY!
..tok..spln.. BUT WHAT ARE THEY BUILDING, MR. SHEKEL? ....Snak..Snak.. ...gik..


THAT NIGHT...
HALT! WHO GOES THERE?!
GOOD EVENING, TOMMY! HERE, HAVE A FAG... NOTHING TOO GOOD FOR OUR BOYS... ...ER... WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?.. WHAT'S BEING CONSTRUCTED?
TOOO, TA MATE!
Moths Mating

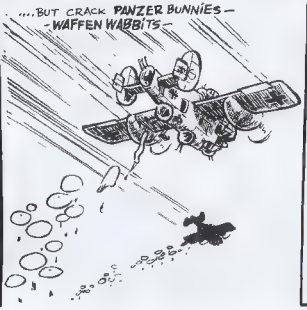
...SOMETHING TO WALLOP OLD ADOLF, EH? JOLLY GOOD SHOW, HERE, TOMMY, HAVE ANOTHER FAG... YOU'LL TELL ME, WON'T YOU, WHAT'S GOING ON HERE!
TA MATE!
HAVE ANOTHER FAG, TOMMY...
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?... WELL, IT'S .... er.... IT'S...
THINKS
THIS IS A SECRET PROJECT, I REMEMBER. CARELESS TALK COSTS LIVES, TOMMY ATKINS! I KNOW— I'LL MAKE SOMETHING UP... THAT'LL FOOL HIM... ...HE MIGHT BE A SPY!
...IT'S...ahem... WELL, THE MINISTRY OF GRUB HAVE DUG THIS OLE TO GROW A GIANT CARROT IN... THEY NEED TO GROW MORE CARROTS TO FEED TO OUR FIGHTER PILOTS, YOU SEE... ...CARROTS MAKE THEM SEE IN THE DARK!*
*Scientific Fact
...BUT I MUST RETURN TO MY VITAL MILITARY-TYPE GUARD DUTY! 'BOUT TURN! KERWICK MARCH! HEEP HAW HEEP HAW HEEP HAW HEEP HAW...
ZOOM
ZOOM
IN NO TIME AT ALL, THE FIENDS INCARNATE ARE RADDING THE PLANS TO BERLIN!
HA! O GERMANY, ...dot dot dash dot dash dash... er... dot dash dot...
ACH! ZER SCHWEINEHUNDE ENGLISHERS! EIN GIANT CARROT, HOW CAN WE COUNTERACT ZIS THREAT, HERMAN?
FEAR NOT, MEIN FUHRER, I HAVE EIN PLAN!

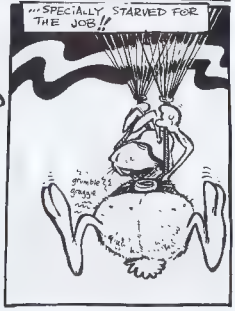
ZER LUFTWAFFE WILL TRANSPORT AND DROP DIVISIONS OF HUNGRY RABBITS TO ATTACK AND DESTROY ZER FILTHY ENGLISH SECRET WEAPON!

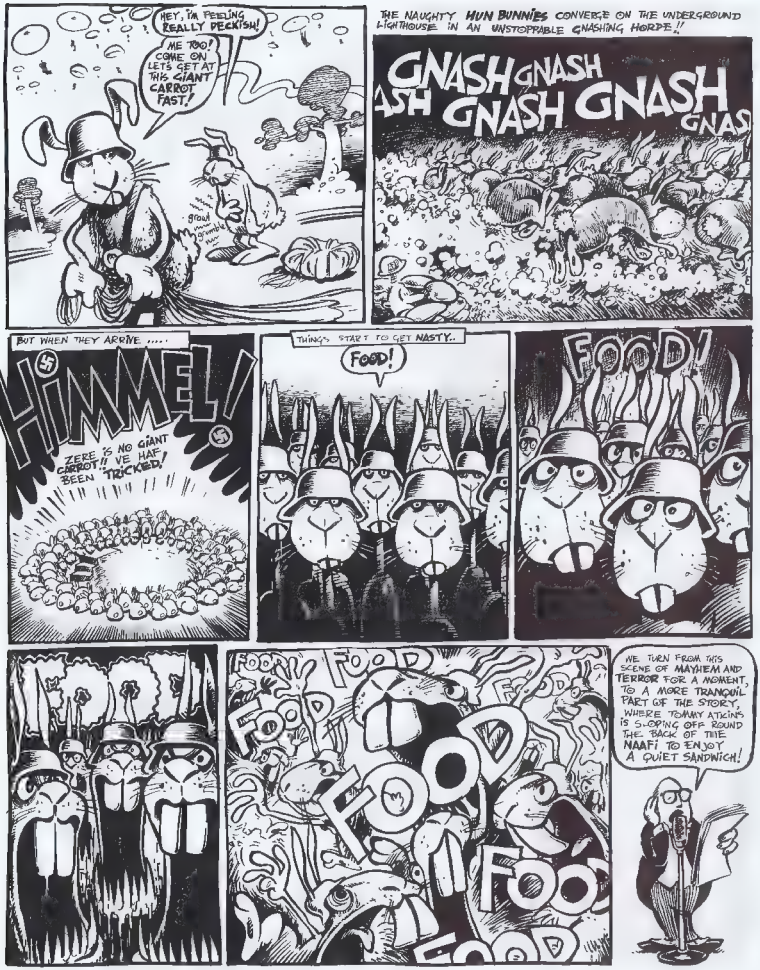
YES, BRILLIANT! HE WILL SHOW THEM ZAT ZER GIANT CARROT IS NO THREAT TO MY GLORIOUS THIRD REICH! SEE TO IT, HERMAN!
AT ONCE MEIN FUHRER!


WOMAWOMAWO

NO ORDINARY RABBITS, THESE....
IN FORMATION!
ME TOO!


....BUT CRACK PANZER BUNNIES— -WAFFEN WABBITS-

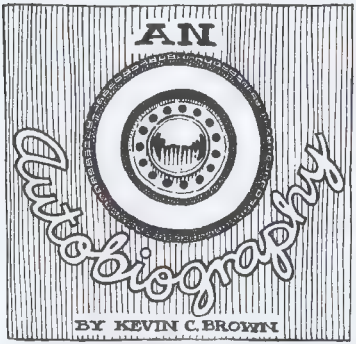

...SPECIALLY STARVED FOR THE JOB!!


HEY, I'M FEELING REALLY PECKISH!
ME TOO! COME ON LET'S GET AT THIS GIANT CARROT FAST!
GNAW
THE NAUGHTY HUN BUNNIES CONVERGE ON THE UNDERGROUND LIGHTHOUSE IN AN UNSTOPPABLE GNASHING HORDE!!
GNASH GNASH GNASH GNASH GNAS
BUT WHEN THEY ARRIVE .....
HIMMEL!
ZERE IS NO GIANT CARROT!! I'VE HAF BEEN TRICKED!
THINGS START TO GET NASTY..
FOOD!
FOOD!
FOOD
FOOD
FOOD
FOOD
FOOD
FOOD
FOOD
WE TURN FROM THIS SCENE OF MAYHEM AND TERROR FOR A MOMENT, TO A MORE TRANQUIL PART OF THE STORY, WHERE TOMMY ATKINS IS SLOPING OFF ROUND THE BACK OF THE NAAFI TO ENJOY A QUIET SANDWICH!

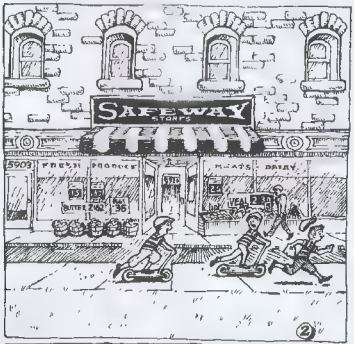
NAAFI
FOOD
FOOD
FOOD
FOOD
EEK! EEK! EEK!
RECOVERING HIS CHARACTERISTIC BRITISH PLUCK, TOMMY TURNS ON THE FASCIST FLOPSIES.
ALRIGHT, YOU NAZI NIBBLERS! GET BACK OR I'LL FIRE!
HEY! JUST EIN M'NUTE, ENGLISHER TWIT!
YOU CAN'T SHOOT US MIT THAT! IT IS YOUR FINGER!
GLIK
STRAIN

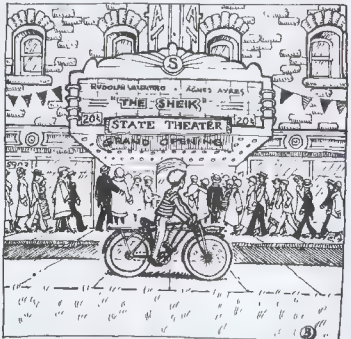
POP!
BRADADADADADADAPOW

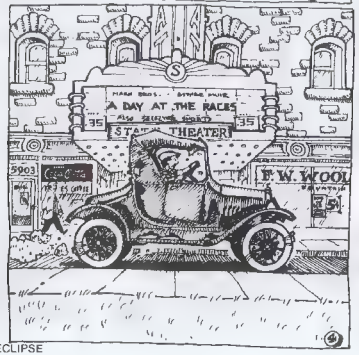
SPECIAL DAY FOR FORTY THIEVES FANS
...AND THERE, M'LUD, I REST THE CASE FOR MY DEFENSE...
THE END

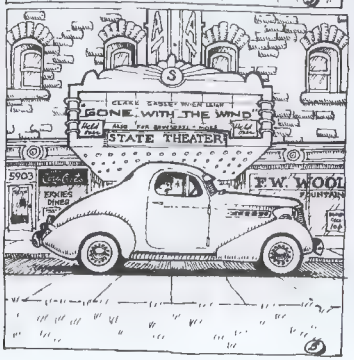

AN
Autobiography
BY KEVIN C. BROWN

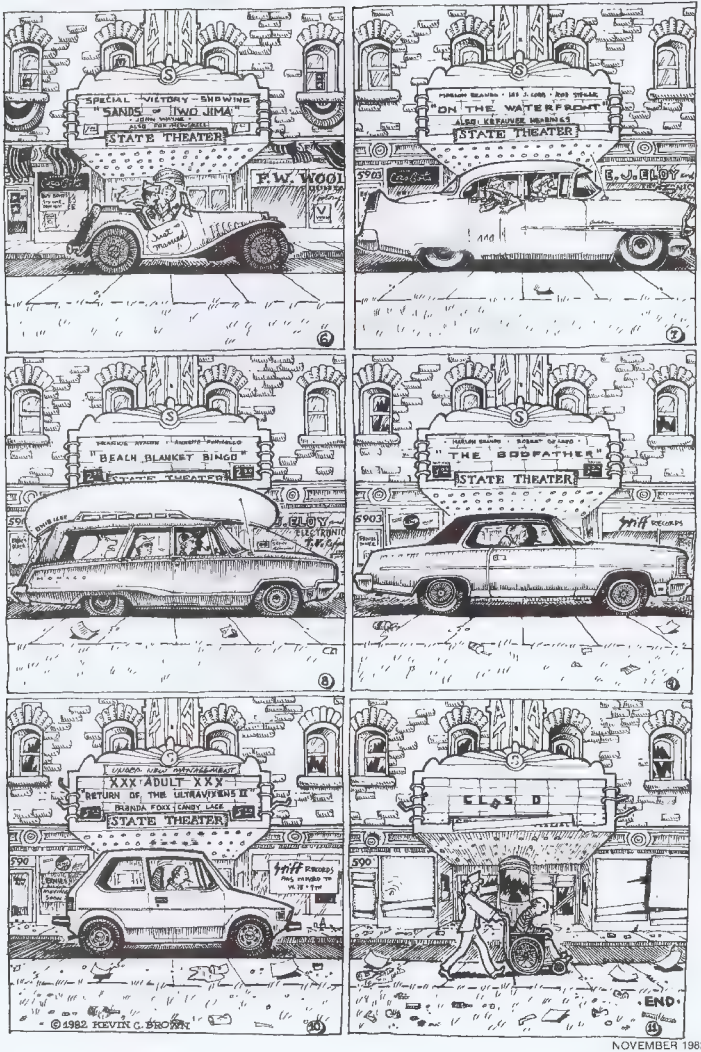
SAFEWAY
STORES
5903
FRESH PRODUCE
MEATS
DAIRY
BUTTER 2-35
2


SAFEWAY
STORES
5903
FRESH PRODUCE
MEATS
DAIRY
BUTTER 2 35
VEAL 2 35
2


RUDOLPH VALENTINO AGNES AYRES
"THE SHEIK"
STATE THEATER
GRAND OPENING
3


MACK SENNETT'S BATHING REVUE
A DAY AT THE RACES
ALL STAR CAST
STATE THEATER
5903
F.W. WOOL
4


CLARK GABLEY VIVIEN LEIGH
GONE WITH THE WIND
STATE THEATER
5903
EDDIES DINER
F.W. WOOL
5


SPECIAL VICTORY SHOWING
"SANDS OF IWO JIMA"
STATE THEATER
F.W. WOOL
"ON THE WATERFRONT"
STATE THEATER
E.J. CLOY
"BEACH BLANKET BINGO"
STATE THEATER
J. CLOY
ELECTRONIC
"THE GODFATHER"
STATE THEATER
XXX ADULT XXX
RETURN OF THE ULTRAVIXENS II
STATE THEATER
CLOSED
END
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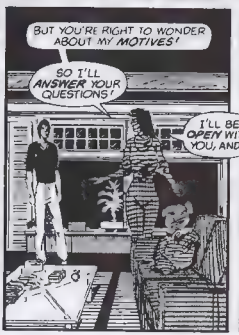
ECLIPSE ENTERPRISES PRESENTS
the continuing saga of
part 6
brought to you by
Steve Englehart
Marshall Rogers
I AM Coyote
P.S. I KNOW -- BUT THERE'S STILL SO MUCH I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
YOU LITERALLY APPEARED OUT OF NO-WHERE TWO NIGHTS AGO, AND YOU'VE BEEN HOUNDING ME EVER SINCE! *
YOU RESURRECTED YOURSELF FROM THE GRAVE AFTER BATTLING THE VOID -- THEN TURNED AROUND AND SAVED ME FROM HIS TROOPS NOT AN HOUR AGO! *
YOU PULLED ME FROM THE SEA, FUCK ME ON THE BEACH, THEN FOUND THIS DESERTED HOUSE WITH YOUR SENSE OF SMELL! *
AND NOW, YOU'VE CHANGED -- AGAIN! YOUR FACE IS DIFFERENT -- HOW DO YOU
* AS RELATED IN PREVIOUS ECLIPSE ISSUES

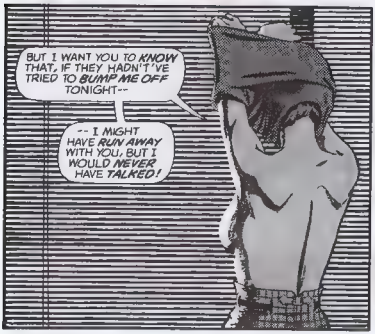
--WHO ARE YOU?
YOU TALK AS IF ENGLISH WERE A FOREIGN TONGUE, EVEN WHEN YOU'RE NOT PRETENDING TO BE MEXICAN--
--BUT YOU KNOW ENGLISH WELL!
YOU'RE MORE ANIMAL THAN ANY OTHER MAN I'VE EVER KNOWN, BUT YOU ARE A MAN--AND STILL YOU CAN DO WHAT THE YOYO DOES!

AND YOU: YOU ASK ME THESE THINGS--WHY?
YOU'RE NOT ANSWERING MY QUESTIONS!
I AM MORE INTERESTED IN YOU NOW, PHYLLIDA!

AND I'M INTERESTED IN YOU, COYOTE! THAT'S WHY I'M ASKING: I'M...
...MORE THAN INTERESTED

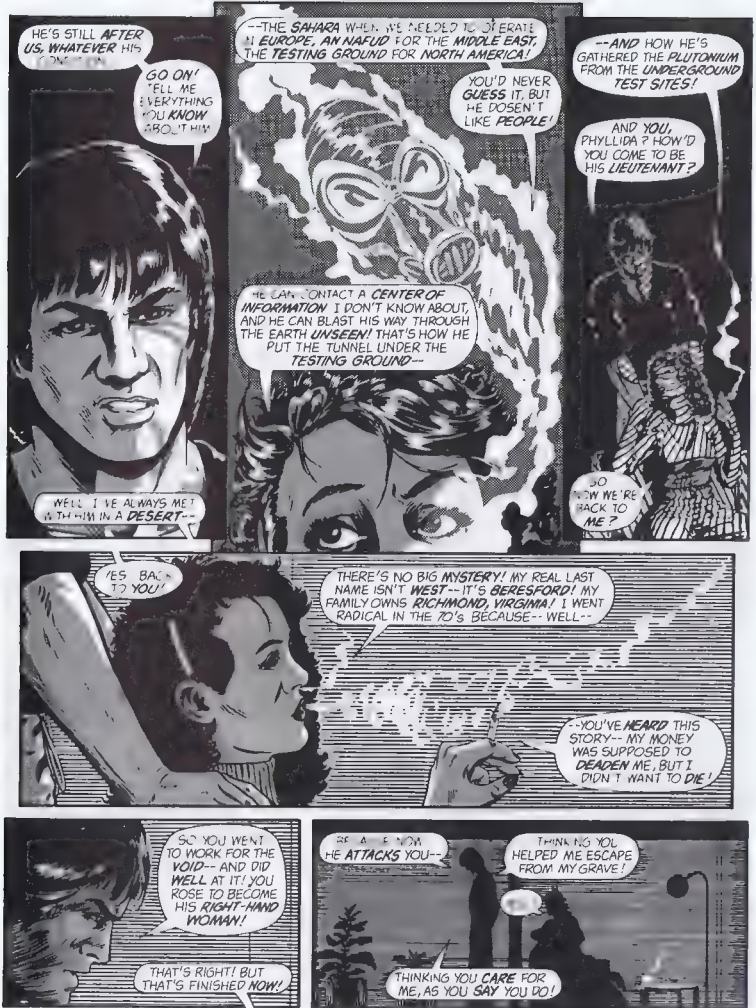

BUT YOU'RE RIGHT TO WONDER ABOUT MY MOTIVES!
SO I'LL ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS!
I'LL BE OPEN WITH YOU, AND--

--WELL, YOU DECIDE WHAT HAPPENS AFTER THAT!

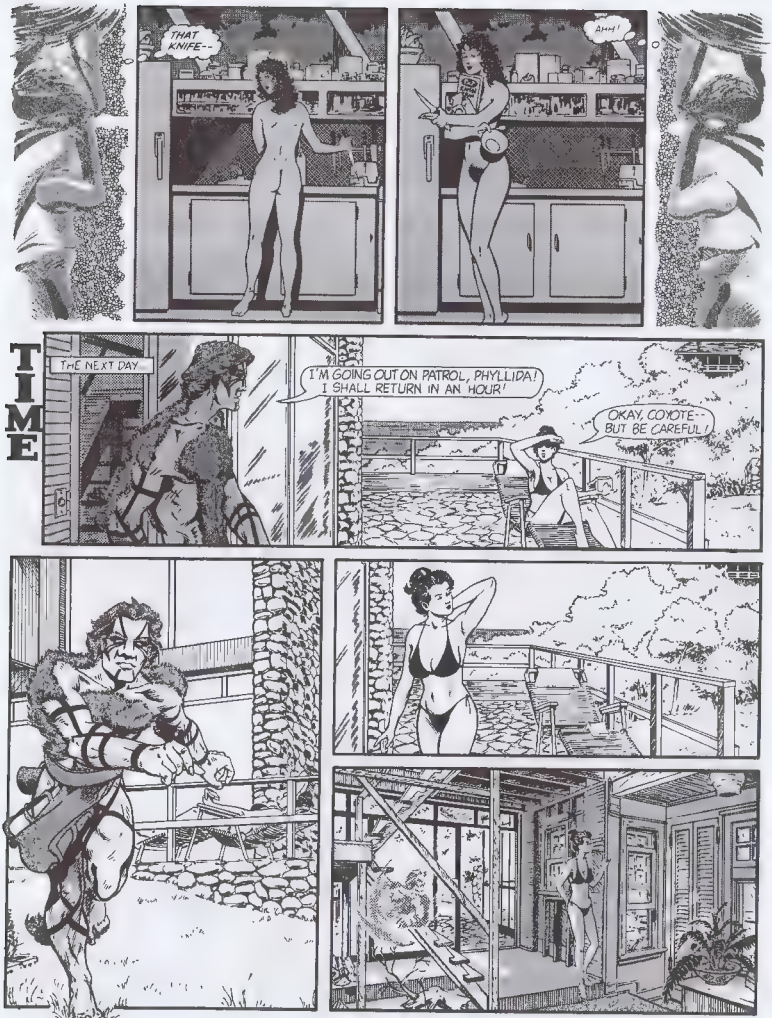

BUT I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT, IF THEY HADN'T'VE TRIED TO BUMP ME OFF TONIGHT--
--I MIGHT HAVE RUN AWAY WITH YOU, BUT I WOULD NEVER HAVE TALKED!

I BELIEVED IN THE SHADOW CABINET UNTIL TONIGHT!
I STILL FEEL THAT THE GOVERNMENTS OF ALMOST ALL THE MAJOR NATIONS ARE FILLED WITH FOOLS!

THE VOID GATHERED MEN AND WOMEN FROM INDUSTRY, FROM CRIME, FROM MEDICINE AND THE PRESS--PEOPLE WHO WERE COMPETENT AND SMARTER THAN BUREAUCRACIES NORMALLY ALLOW--
-- TO FORM THAT INVISIBLE GOVERNMENT I TOLD YOU ABOUT WE WERE TO BE READY FOR THE DAY HE WOULD TAKE THE GOVERNMENTS OF NORTH AMERICA!
THE N.A.T.O. ALLIES WOULD NATURALLY PROTEST, BUT HE WOULD HAVE AMERICA'S AND CANADA'S ARSENALS!
VERY QUICKLY, THEY'D ACCEPT THAT A COUP IS A COUP, NO MATTER WHAT THE SIZE!
WHAT ABOUT THE CITIZENS OF NORTH AMERICA?
PROPERLY PREPARED, THEY WOULD HAVE WELCOMED US!
THAT'S HIS BUSINESS HERE THIS WEEK!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
PEOPLE WANT TO BELIEVE AGAIN, COYOTE --BELIEVE IN SOMETHING OUTSIDE THEMSELVES! THEY WANT TO STEM THE TIDE OF MISERY IN THEIR LIVES -- AND, IF LEFT TO THEIR OWN DEVICES, THEY WILL!
BUT IF THINGS DON'T GET BETTER- IF BELIEF IN GOD, OR REAGAN, OR WORK, OR WAR DOESN'T PAY OFF --THEY WON'T GIVE A DAMN WHEN THEIR PRESENT LEADERS FALL!
ONLY HIS COUNTRYMEN GRIEVE FOR A PRESIDENT OR PRIME MINISTER, BUT ALMOST EVERYONE IN THE FREE WORLD IS IN LOVE WITH AT LEAST ONE MOVIE STAR!
NEXT MONDAY NIGHT, THE STARS WILL GATHER FOR THE OSCAR AWARDS--AND THE VOID PLANS TO KILL THEM ALL!
A GREAT SOURCE OF PLEASURE WILL BE TAKEN FROM THE WORLD!
HOW WILL THEY DIE, PHYLLIDA?
THE OSCARS! THEY'LL BE GOLD-PLATED METAL, ALL RIGHT-- BUT THE METAL WILL BE PURE PLUTONIUM!
THREE HOURS IN THAT PAVILLION, AND VERY FEW PEOPLE WILL LIVE TO SEE CHRISTMAS! CANCER--
--WILL KILL THEM AS IT KILLED THE VOID! VERY SYMMETRICAL!
KILLED--? THE VOID IS DEAD?


HE'S STILL AFTER US, WHATEVER HIS
GO ON! TELL ME EVERYTHING YOU KNOW ABOUT HIM
WELL I'VE ALWAYS MET HIM IN A DESERT--
--THE SAHARA WHERE HE MELDED TO OPERATE IN EUROPE, AN NAFUD FOR THE MIDDLE EAST, THE TESTING GROUND FOR NORTH AMERICA!
YOU'D NEVER GUESS IT, BUT HE DOSEN'T LIKE PEOPLE!
HE CAN CONTACT A CENTER OF INFORMATION I DON'T KNOW ABOUT, AND HE CAN BLAST HIS WAY THROUGH THE EARTH UNSEEN! THAT'S HOW HE PUT THE TUNNEL UNDER THE TESTING GROUND--
--AND HOW HE'S GATHERED THE PLUTONIUM FROM THE UNDERGROUND TEST SITES!
AND YOU, PHYLLIDA? HOW'D YOU COME TO BE HIS LIEUTENANT?
SO NOW WE'RE BACK TO ME?
YES BACK TO YOU!
THERE'S NO BIG MYSTERY! MY REAL LAST NAME ISN'T WEST--IT'S BERESFORD! MY FAMILY OWNS RICHMOND, VIRGINIA! I WENT RADICAL IN THE 70's BECAUSE-- WELL--
--YOU'VE HEARD THIS STORY-- MY MONEY WAS SUPPOSED TO DEADEN ME, BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO DIE!
SO YOU WENT TO WORK FOR THE VOID-- AND DID WELL AT IT! YOU ROSE TO BECOME HIS RIGHT-HAND WOMAN!
THAT'S RIGHT! BUT THAT'S FINISHED NOW!
BECAUSE NOW HE ATTACKS YOU--
THINKING YOU HELPED ME ESCAPE FROM MY GRAVE!
THINKING YOU CARE FOR ME, AS YOU SAY YOU DO!

AS I SAY I DO...
I'VE CARED FOR YOU FROM THE MOMENT WE MET!
AND SO... WHY WOULD YOU WANT TO DO THAT?
I'LL GIVE YOU THE REAL ANSWER, BUT YOU WON'T BELIEVE IT:
PEOPLE AREN'T RATIONAL!
RATIONALLY, I'M OUT IN THE COLD AND IN FEAR OF MY LIFE, WHILE YOU'RE STRONG AND SMART, YOU'RE HANDSOME, AND YOU'RE GOOD IN BED--
--BUT THE REAL ANSWER IS, I JUST DO!
I WAS RAISED IN THE WILD, PHYLLIDA!
MY PASSIONS ARE STRONG--- BUT SO IS MY CAUTION!
I WOULD LIKE TO BELIEVE YOU-- I WANT TO BELIEVE YOU--
--BUT FOR NOW I CANNOT!
I UNDERSTAND! I WOULDN'T EITHER, COYOTE!
BUT WE HAVE A WEEK UNTIL THE OSCARS, DURING WHICH TIME WE'LL BOTH CONTINUE TO BE IN DANGER!
A WEEK CAN BE FOREVER!
LET'S SEE WHAT TIME DOES--FOR US!
TIME
:THAT NIGHT...
:THE COYOTE IS EVER ALERT!


THAT KNIFE--
AHH!
TIME
THE NEXT DAY
I'M GOING OUT ON PATROL, PHYLLIDA! I SHALL RETURN IN AN HOUR!
OKAY, COYOTE-- BUT BE CAREFUL!

THE PHONE
AHH!!
TIME
TWO DAYS LATER..
BRNG
A SHOT--
INSID-
COYOTE--?
COYOTE!!
UUUGH
I KEEPED TELLING MYSELF, BE NOMBE COYOTE BUT NOT.
THOUGHT I KNEW HOW THINGS WORKED
YOU DAMN FOOL! JESUS, YOU'RE BLEEDING LIKE A STUCK PIG!
HEY, WAKE UP! DON'T YOU DIE ON ME
WHAT AM I GONNA DO? I'M NO DOCTOR--
BUT IF I CALL AN AMBULANCE--
SHIT! BUT IF I DON'T--
I HAVE TO TAKE THE CHANCE! HE'LL DIE FOR SURE IF I DON'T GET HELP!
I'VE FOUGHT MY WAY THROUGH TIGHT SPOTS BEFORE! I CAN KEEP HIM SAFE FROM THE VOID!
HE SAVED ME! NOW IT'S MY TURN!

"BLOOD" FROM WILD BERRIES--! AND MY UNMATCHED ABILITY TO ACT--!
HAVE TO KNOW--! YOU SEE! I HAVE TO!
TIME

TIME
THE BIG NIGHT.
WE'RE READY FOR
I'VE TOLD YOU ALL THE DETAILS OF THE VOID'S PLAN! YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE!
I AM COYOTE... I WILL HAVE NO TROUBLE!
- BUT WHILE I'M IN TOWN, YOU'LL BE LEFT WITHOUT PROTECTION HERE!
THAT I DON'T
WELL, YOU'VE BEEN NO IN THIS ENTIRE WEEK THAT EITHER THE MEN OF THE VOID HAVE DISCOVERED US, AND I TRUST YOU TO KNOW!
I MUST WORST, I HAVE MY GUN!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME!
KEEPING BUSY, IN YOU!
COYOTE

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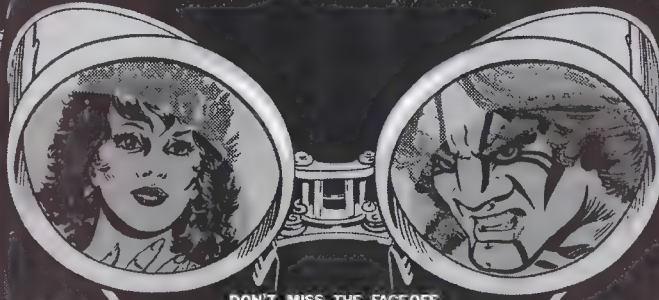

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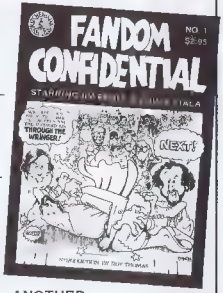

ANOTHER
KITCHEN SINK MAGAZINE

ECLIPSE COMMENTS

Please address all your letters to:
Eclipse Comments, Eclipse Enterprises
61 Delaware Street, Staten Island, NY 10304

Dear Dean,

I received two copies of *Eclipse* no. 6 last week (gee, you guys are really neat — first it's two girls for every boy, now it's two copies for every issue). Yes, I did like the conclusion to "I, For An Eye," the *Ms. Tree* serial, although it was a bit confusing in places. I mean, it tied together events that happened in previous issues, and my memory is poor — especially with a two or three month wait between issues. I look forward to *Ms. Tree's Thrilling Detective Adventures* when it comes out.

Now, let's see . . . Rippee's "Lil' Monsters" was a nice feature. I was amazed at his use of the monster as an allegory for the modern-day suburban husband and . . . oh, the hell with it. It was nice.

Loved Gulacy's art for "Luke the Drifter." It captured the essence of the song quite nicely. (Could you get him to do "Highway to Hell" or "Cat Scratch Fever"? Quite the creative challenge, no?). Beautiful cover by Paul, too.

"Dope" looked good this issue, as always. Hey, did I ever say what a great calligrapher The Incredible Orz is? Well, it's true.

"A Walk Up Avenue U" was a rather obvious story, I'm sorry to say. Don McGregor has done much better stuff before, and I've no doubt he will again. Tom Sutton's art was very good, but I had problems with some of the composition. The scene in the drugstore was chopped up into too many angle shots to carry the dialogue along. The whole story looked like a *Hill Street Blues* episode minus the bizarre characters. Still, I'd rather have this story than not.

Rick Geary. Boy, this guy's bizarre. One of the things I like about his work is that each panel is nice and complete, moving the story along. "My Transformation" was a good example of this. (Great angle shots, too.)

"Coyote" is getting to be another confusing serial. I do agree with Tim Smith on the characterization problems. Things seem to be happening with little or no explanation. I still don't understand Coyote's motivations, nor do I know who, what or why the Void is. And Phyllida sure switched sides awful quick. (Yeah, I know her life's in danger, and she's got the hots for Coyote, but that just isn't enough, you know?) I trust all this will come together next issue.

"Alice Quinn" was without a doubt the best story in the issue, one of the best I've ever seen. I've heard a lot about Harvey Pekar, but this is the first time I've read any of his work. What can I say? There's so much to that story that goes unsaid! So much lying underneath the surface! The scene between Harvey and Alice is beautifully detailed, the trivial talk masking some very intense feelings.

Sue Cavey has perfectly captured the people in this story — Harvey's tension, Alice's pensive look as she talks about the lady who "thinks about the boy she could have married at 20 . . ." — so much in one panel alone!

Well, I've said enough. This was another fine issue. The increasing range of talent you're getting for *Eclipse* is incredible. Keep it up, please!

Mark Steven Long
2928 117th Street
Toledo, OH 43611

Thanks for another fine letter, Mark.

Regarding your comment about "A Walk Up Avenue U" reminding you of an episode of Hill Street Blues . . . *gee, I don't think that's a bad comparison at all!*

On the "confusing" nature of "I Am Coyote," I'd like to point out to everyone that the story was written by Steve Englehart as a 60-page graphic album, and the decision to serialize it came at a later date. If you don't feel that the plot threads don't connect expeditiously, go back and read it as a unit · or (hint, hint) start saving for the collection of the entire series, which we'll release the beginning of 1983 in . . . full color!

Dear Dean,

I finally ran across copies of *Eclipse* nos. 5 and 6 at the Fantasy Fair in Dallas.

"Coyote" is improved. Now that Steve's finished with the obscuro stuff in the first couple of issues and actually given us enough story matter to care about the characters, I'm beginning to like it. Sometimes, though, Marshall's special effects tend to backfire — such as the too heavy tones on the Void on page 5 of issue 5. Usually, though, he's very readable. Didn't care too much for no. 6's saga, as it depended too much on comic-booky violence. But it's all in the cards . . .

"Hitch hiker": I liked this flawed piece; you should have had all the dialogue typeset, as well as the captions. The hand lettering was sloppy.

"Kon-tiki": I like it, already!

"Alice Quinn": Ah, this is a goodie. Harvey and Sue Cavey synthesized perfectly here. Pekar's dreary script matching the dreary, half-efforted (seemingly) drawings of Cavey — all meaning, of course, that there seems to be no meaning to their lives, so why bother to give any meaning to the drawing? I felt for this limpid cat, and thus, the story was a success. Now why don't you give us something as good positively as this one was negatively?

"Luke the Drifter": I liked most of it, especially the second and third panels.

"Dope": I said, Lord, I got them, I got them old limehouse blues . . .

"A Walk Up Avenue U": Boy, after going to Dallas, I can cope with this one, though thankfully Big D is not half as scummy as NYC . . . more like *The Road Warrior* than *Mean Streets*. Tell McGregor to get out to the country a bit, or better yet, California! And Austin, Texas ought to be just the thing!

Whattya say? I say, keep on doing it!

Lou Mougin
826½ Plum
Graham, TX 76046

Well, Lou, you say that you want Don McGregor to "get out to the country a bit", Don just got back from a couple week stay in Oklahoma. Don, his wife Marsha, and the kids hopped in the car and had plenty of fun (and rest) riding around Marsha's folks' farm.

The only problem is, since their return, every time Don gets on the subway, he pulls on the conductor's collar and yells, "giddy-up!"

Thanks for your letter, Lou, and thanks to everyone else who wrote. See you next time, folks! — D. M.

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CONTRIBUTORS

BOLTON

John Bolton is one of Britain's most acclaimed and successful comics artists. In the U.S., his beautifully rendered black-and-white art has been seen at Marvel Comics in such strips as *Kull* and *Mirada, the She-Wolf*.

BOYER

B. C. Boyer is new to the field of comics. He runs his own industrial business in California, and he and his wife Sandy recently had their second child. B.C.'s work will also soon be seen in *The Incredible Seven* series in *Sabre* no. 4.

BROWN

Kevin Brown is another bright new talent just breaking into comics. He studied comic art with P. Craig Russell at Kent State University, and his strip this issue, *An Auto-Biography*, was originally done as a class assignment.

CARROLL

Sean Carroll is yet *another* new talent introduced in this issue. His comics work has previously appeared in Harvey Pekar's *American Splendor*, and *Bop*. Sean lives in Cleveland, where he works as a commercial artist.

EMERSON

Hunt Emerson remains stationed in Birmingham, England, where he oversees the building of a second underground lighthouse, "just in case," he says, "Nazi rabbits ever attempt to invade England again."

ENGLEHART

Steve Englehart has a number of new series, either in production or recently released. Among them are *The Djinn* with Steve Ditko and Steve Leialoha, and coming very soon from Eclipse, *Scorpio Rose*, an occult, four-color mini-series with Marshall Rogers.

MCGREGOR

Don McGregor is the creator and writer of *Sabre*, the third issue of which will be on sale soon. Don also writes *Alexander Risk*, a private detective series, with artist Tom Sutton, his collaborator in this issue. Look for the next chapter of his *Ragamuffins* next issue.

ROBBINS

Trina Robbins is currently co-editing, with cat yronwode, a book about women cartoonists, which will be published by Eclipse next Spring. Trina fans should keep their eyes peeled for a new story of hers soon to appear in *Epic Illustrated*.

ROGERS

Marshall Rogers pencils the *Scorpio Rose* mini-series, and does the breakdowns on the *Dr. Orient* feature in the same comic. He is also preparing a new series of his own which will feature everyone's favorite bird, The Foozle.

SUTTON

Tom Sutton has drawn the *Blackstar Blood* story in *Sabre* no. 3. He also works with writer Don McGregor on the *Alexander Risk* series. Tom's art also appears in some of the DC comics, including the *I, Vampire* strip.

WILLIAMS

Kent Williams' art first appeared in *Eclipse* no. 2. Since that time, he has published *Darkstorm*, and his stories will soon be appearing in such magazines as *Epic Illustrated* and *Heavy Metal*. A native of North Carolina, Kent studies art at the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn.

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